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commonweal

Fiftieth Anniversary Year

MARGARET M. CARLAN

THE MISSOURI SYNOD: STILL THE CHURCH MILITANT

MONEY AND POLITICS
SISYPHUS

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MICHAEL NOVAK

WORK, WORK, WORK
SAUL MALOFF

THE GOOD WORD
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

REVIEWS: VICTOR FERKISS, BRUCE VAWTER, IRVING MALIN

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NEWS & VIEWS

Humor Is Out

The non-place of humor in the Catholic press has been demonstrated again, this time in Brooklyn.

For some years, *The Tablet*, the diocesan newspaper, has marked April Fool's Day with an insert entitled "The Pill, A Little Tablet," a gentle spoof poking fun at Catholics in the manner of a communion-breakfast MC, back when communion breakfasts were in vogue.

This year was no exception. In four tabloid pages, "The Pill" informed of:

• An Old Timers' Weak at St. Philoprudentia parish featuring "a Latin Mass, complete with deacon, subdeacon, Sisters in habits, three collections, Kiss of Peace (for priests only, of course) and Benediction." Also, "a Legion of Decency A-1 movie at Baltimore Catechism class, a blackface minstrel show and Three Hours of Passionate Agony."

• A prediction by the pastor of St. Virilius parish that women would fall short as priests because "most of them are rotten golfers, and they wouldn't be physically capable of dragging a complete set of golf clubs the length of 18 holes."

There were features, like: "What would happen if Nixon came back in the next life as Archie Bunker . . . if Howard Cosell came back as Bishop Sheen . . . if the editor of *The Tablet* came back as President of the U.S." (In the last category: "St. Paul's tapes about submissive women would be found to have several gaps, which would be filled in by the new First Lady.")

And limericks: "Some readers can't swallow The Pill/ Without getting traditionally chill./ They're so theologically rigid/ And devotionally frigid/ That it makes them religiously ill."

Media thought the spoof hilarious, and "The Pill" got pick-up in the New York *Daily News*, on radio and at least one news service. Others, however, were not amused, including Father Joseph Coyne, pastor of St. Jude's in Canarsie and a member of the Priests' Senate. He led a charge against *Tablet* editor Don Zirkel, accusing him of having "a queer sense of humor" and vowing to make "The Pill" an issue for the Senate.

Zirkel at first seemed determined to stand his ground. "In a church that preaches joy, I think there is room for chuckles, too," he said to the *Daily News*. But two weeks later, he backed away, apologizing profusely.

"For the good of the church and the peace of the Christian community, 'The Pill' is dead," Zirkel wrote in his editorial-page column. "Some people chuckled, but 'The Pill' offended others. It is obviously not worth the upset it caused. Therefore it will not be published anymore."

Ironically, what put many backs up in the air was the name of the supplement, which they associated with the contraceptive. In fact, the name "The Pill, A Little Tablet" originated in 1946, long before the birth-control pill was talked about.

Vatican and Israel

Inferences in Henry ten Kortenaar's *Commonweal* article of March 8 to the effect that current Vatican diplomacy still calls for the internationalization of Jerusalem drew rebuttals from Father Edward H. Flannery of the Secretariat for Catholic-Jewish Relations in last week's correspondence columns, and from Dr. Joseph L. Lichten in this issue.

But an April 10 *New York Times* dispatch from Rome correspondent Paul Hofmann indicates that ten Kortenaar may not be so far off the mark, as charged.

Hofmann reported the amendment of a remark by Pope Paul on the future of Jerusalem at a weekly general audience that he said "seemed to indicate a hardened policy on the politically sensitive issue."

In his address the Pope advocated an "appropriate international juridical guardianship for the holy places" in the Middle East, and deplored that Jerusalem was still at the center of controversy.

The same wording appeared later in the bulletin distributed daily for the Pontifical Commission for Social Communications. In the afternoon, however, the bulletin was withdrawn and another substituted. It had the Pope calling for "an appropriate statute with international guarantees for the holy city of Jerusalem and a convenient juridical guardianship for the holy places."

Wrote Hofmann:

"Diplomats and reporters have learned to analyze every word in papal pronouncements to the point of hair-splitting. Their prevailing view tonight was that Pope Paul seemed to be reverting to the old Vatican thesis of the internationalization of Jerusalem."

Catholic Activists

Witness by protest and civil disobedience is no vanished phenomenon in American Catholicism, however quiet the scene may appear from scanning the media.

• In Colorado, three priests and five lay persons heisted American flags from seven Catholic churches in late March, charging that their presence in sanctuaries undermined "the universality and transnationalism" of Christianity, and was a "tainted" symbol of nationalism.

Liberation News Service

• In Washington, Paulist Father Edward Guinan extended a water-only fast into 24 days, as he sought a $10 million commitment from the Archdiocese of Washington for the poorest of the poor of the area. (He terminated the fast after the archdiocese announced it was voiding plans to turn a $525,000 mansion in embassy row into an official residence for Archbishop William W. Baum.)

• In Washington and New York on Good Friday, a total of eight persons were arrested and arraigned on felonies for pouring blood in the offices of the Vietnam Overseas Procurement Office and the South Vietnam Mission to the U.N., respectively.

The blood-pouring—which involved people from the Thomas Merton Life Center in New York, Jonah House in Baltimore, and the Community for Creative Non-Violence in Washington—was intended as an act of solidarity. "We choose to stand with the 200,000 political prisoners who fill the Saigon jails, with the 300 Buddhist monks fasting to the death in opposition to that imprisonment, and with all others who struggle for liberation at the peril of their freedom or their lives," said the statement of the group.

The government responded by charging the eight with a variety of offenses, ranging from violation of parole to harassing a diplomatic installation.

The eight included Jesuit Father Edward J. Murphy, Jesuit seminarian Mike Bucci, Judy Peluso of the Sisters of Charity, Father Jack Egan of Jersey City, and activists Debbie Daniell, Mitch Snyder, Tesi Kohlenberg and Peter Seiferd. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

$s and Sense

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: At the risk of sounding foolhardy, I make bold to suggest that you have no qualms about raising to $25 for a full-year subscription to your estimable publication.

Your indomitable effort to "stir up the indifferent," and to bring the irresolute to conviction of sin, is assuredly worth the "munificent" sum of $25 per annum.

One cannot help feeling outraged when witnessing the penurious nature of many people to whom a few more dollars matter more than the exhilaration of being exposed to the thrust of unorthodox ideas.

More power to you!

ALBERT ZEITLIN

Oil Indigestion

East Meadow, N.Y.

To the Editors: James Goodman's ["Oil Indigestion, Mar. 22] analysis of big oil business' domination of national oil policy appears on the whole to be accurate and incisive. However, the conclusion that energy policy should be responsive to consumer demand requires further consideration.

U.S. consumption of petroleum products has risen from 11 million barrels/day in 1963 to 17 million barrels/day in 1973, prior to the current shortage. During this same period, domestic crude oil production has failed to keep pace with this growth, rising from 7.5 millions barrels/day in 1963, to peak at close to 10 million barrels/day in 1970, and is now in an inevitable decline, with present production at 9.1 million barrels/day.

Further expansion of U.S. consumption would require new refineries which would process increasing volumes of imported oil. This will only have adverse effects on the environment, U.S. balance of payments, and world-wide oil supplies. It is well known that the

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VIETNAM BACKWASH

Vietnam is a war fought and capped, the President tells us, by "peace with honor." Some events of recent days, however, dramatize that, though the troops may be home from that unhappy country, Vietnam is still very much a part of the American experience and still working its distortions on elementary logic and the American sense of justice.

Specifically, there was the further reduction in the life sentence of Lieut. William Calley, so that now he has but six months more to serve for his murder of "not less than 22" Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. This third or fourth measure of juridical generosity can perhaps be defended on the grounds that Calley is a scapegoat for the system and for officers much higher than himself, who though they did not pull the trigger, set the policy and participated in a cover-up. Nevertheless, justice is travestied when the generosity shown Calley is not matched by a kindred consideration for those young Americans who refused for conscience's sake to do any killing and who accordingly went underground or took up residence in other countries. If Calley deserves administrative reprieve, even if only partial, the more so do conscientious resisters merit amnesty.

Specifically, again, there were the charges leveled by the American Ambassador in Saigon against the president of New York Theological Seminary, an incident demonstrating how close to the surface still lies the proclivity of people in official government position to libel the peace community and its members. (Ambassador Graham A. Martin alleged that Dr. George W. Webber may have been responsible for the March 19 tragedy at Cai Lay that claimed 32 lives and 50 injured, because he failed to telephone Vietcong and North Vietnamese representatives during his January visit to Vietnam and use his "great influence" to secure a ban on weapons of terror—which is a little like saying that Daniel Berrigan, David Dellinger or some other antiwar figure is responsible for the great length of the war because at some time one of them neglected to phone Ho Chi Minh and get him to call off the fighting.) Dr. Webber, whose article on his Vietnam trip appeared in the March 15 *Commonweal*, easily defended himself against the Ambassador's irresponsible charges. Nevertheless it is something to ponder when an American official of such high station can defame a person of peace like Dr. Webber without the attack being disowned by an em-

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barrassed Administration or Foreign Service.

But these are days for paradoxes and strange happenings in connection with the American commitment to Vietnam. Thus we witness a bookkeeping "miracle" whereby $266 million is "found" in an old ledger to furnish additional military support for the Thieu regime for the remainder of fiscal '74. The discovery of $266 million lying around unspent from last year was as fraudulent as some of those battle reports (e.g., Tong Le Chan) that Thieu issues when he is out to influence legislation or opinion in the United States. But if Congress or the general public was offended by the duplicity, there was no knowing it. Much less was the point pressed that the $266 million might be beneficially spent at home on the nation's own veterans of Vietnam—for projects, for instance, that might lessen the veterans' disproportionately high percentage of joblessness.

It goes without saying in this indictment of tactics and attitudes that the U.S. bears large residue obligations to Vietnam for the devastation dealt that land and its people over a decade's time. But that these are so essentially military as American policymakers apparently would have them, or that they justify old hostilities towards Americans of differing viewpoints, is a matter to be hotly disputed.

As for Vietnam itself, there is much that the U.S. cannot do, and would be better off not even attempting. But certain things are within its province, and the longer these are delayed the more remote becomes the day when economic, social and cultural stability will return to Vietnam. First among these would be the restoration of individual freedoms. The problem is one for North as well as South Vietnam, but important beginnings can be made in the South, and the U.S., which provides roughly 85 percent of the upkeep of the Saigon government, is in a position of great influence. It should insist, for example, that Thieu honor the Paris Peace Accords and at last open the prison gates to the 200,000 political prisoners held there. The release of the prisoners will not solve Vietnam's freedom problems, but it would remove a major source of grievance—and maybe make Thieu a mite more palatable to those of sensitive instincts.

WASHINGTON REPORT

MONEY AND POLITICS

Political puppets are easily enough discerned by anyone with a sustained interest in public affairs, but the puppeteers are less easily discovered. Particularly difficult to identify correctly are the back-stage money men who distribute their capital—or that of others even less willing to identify themselves—to favored candidates of both major political parties. An occasional bare-footed Mr. Deeds comes to Washington to advance the common weal, but generally even the most high-minded of federal elective officeholders find their causes best advanced if their political coffers are reasonably well stocked.

Until recently, the half-century-old federal corrupt-practices act assisted in disguising sources of large campaign donations. In 1971, however, for the first time, a law was enacted providing for comprehensive reporting of sources of campaign funds made to candidates for federal elective office—Congress and the Presidency. A major flaw, knowingly permitted in the new law, is that such reports are to be filed by candidates with either the Secretary of the Senate or the Clerk of the House. Each man now holding those respective positions is a person of integrity, but each is an employee of the Congress. It's a little comparable to having an umpire calling balls-and-strikes who is also an employee of the home team. The 1971 law placed a limitation on the amount of money that could be spent for campaign propaganda, particularly television and radio "spots." Even more promisingly, from the standpoint of some campaign reformers, there was established a fund for federal financing of campaigns of Presidential candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. The amount in the fund would depend upon the number of taxpayers who, by giving permission when filing their federal individual income tax returns, authorized $1 or $2 in federal funds to be placed in the fund. A total of $21.4 million for each Presidential candidate was estimated to be the maximum that would be collected by this taxpayers' "check-off." In 1972, the Presidential fund attracted little money, because the Nixon Administration hid its existence from the taxpayers, a situation since remedied in time for 1973 tax payments.

Then, last year, the Senate took another step toward shedding light on the dark corners of campaign financing. It approved S. 372 which would place dollar ceilings on both contributions and expenditures. It also sought to cure the supervision problem, left in the 1971 law, by establishing a new seven-member federal campaign-financing oversight commission with subpoena power to inquire into records of winning and losing candidates in primary and general elections.

But with the ambivalence, however understandable, with which sitting Members of Congress approach campaign-financing reform, the "ceilings" on contributions were deceptive. Under terms of the bill, a contributor could give only $3000 to a candidate in any single cam-

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paign—a primary or a general or a run-off. But "loans" to candidates were exempted from the $3000 exemption. Similarly, a limitation of $25,000 was placed on the amount one contributor would be permitted to give *all* candidates for federal elective office in any one year. But exempted from this ceiling were contributions made through major funnels of funny-money, the Republican and Democratic Congressional campaign committees.

With characteristic misgivings, evidenced even by supporters of reform, the Senate in early April of this year took still another step. By a 5 to 3 margin, the Senate, goaded by the Watergate miseries, broadened federal financing beyond that of the Presidency to include Senate and House primary and general campaigns. The bill would authorize a candidate to run his campaign on a matching mixture of both federal funds and private funds. The bill also would impose limitations on total campaign spending, not just that spent on campaign propaganda as did the 1971 law. It also declared that beginning in 1976 elections for federal office would be a national holiday and would be held not on Tuesdays, as now, but on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in November.

This measure was then sent to the House, where it probably will be interred under the willing direction of Rep. Wayne Hays (D-Ohio), chief planter for legislation to upset the status quo in the sectors of campaign-financing and legislative reforms. The 1973 bill (S.372) has been buried by Hays since sent by the Senate to his Committee nearly one year ago. Most House members, reformist or otherwise, would prefer to ride a barracuda bareback than tangle with the intemperate "Uncle Wayne," chairman of the Committee on House Administration and in his more bizarre expressions reminiscent of Lenny Bruce.

Nevertheless, passage of the federal financing bill is a culmination of an effort begun in the Senate in modern times when Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts introduced a resolution a quarter-century ago inquiring as to the feasibility of financing federal elections with public funds ("our tax dollars" as opponents describe the scheme).

The debate in the Senate extended over a period of three weeks. Despite passage of the bill, proponents did not exactly carry their arguments with the zest that suggested public financing is an unmixed blessing. Few proponents gave themselves up completely to the idea, as proponents do in the pursuit of other legislative goals. They were wary. Indeed, talk in the Senatorial locker-rooms, so to speak, indicated that some Senators would vote for the bill because the "goo-goos" back home, that is, primarily such organizations as Common Cause and the League of Women Voters, were pressuring them. These Senators privately indicated they'd be not at all displeased that the bill would be delivered into the hands of Wayne Hays.

Proponents were not only wary, they were somewhat divided on the matter both as to (a) the desirability of the bill as it applied to Congressional elections and (b) the degree of public financing that should be permitted. The uninspiring debate was marked by one unusual feature—opponents, such as Senators Dole and Buckley, quoting *The New Republic,* skeptical about the bill, and, conversely, proponents quoting conservative writers for support.

Among proponents of public-financing there were two different voices. One group suggested that it would be better to await the consequences, perhaps unforeseen, of the 1971 Presidential check-off statute and the enactment of some provisions of the Senate-passed 1973 bill that yet may be wrested from the grasp of Wayne Hays. It may be, said this group, that this will suffice to remedy gross abuses in the existing method of financing campaigns, dominated by private financing, particularly if one also assumes, as a result of Watergate, a greater awareness by voters to campaign financing shenanigans and, perhaps, a skittishness on the part of big contributors. If a greater dose of public-financing is called for, runs this point-of-view, it can be authorized after the 1976 Presidential election.

The second group disagreed that the existing flawed "system" can be purged by pouring into it a dose of political "drano." It is correct, this group argues, that the Senate bill sent to the House last year would encourage a greater degree of the independence on the part of sitting members of Congress. But the advantage accruing to incumbents would continue. A degree of public financing available to both non-incumbent Congressional candidates and incumbents would introduce a hitherto missing degree of equity into Congressional campaigns. Under terms of the public financing bill now in the House a challenger, as well as an incumbent, who first raises $10,000 in private contributions of $100 or less could then receive matching federal funds for each $100 in private funds raised after that threshold was reached.

Across-the-board public financing, as its proponents assert, may introduce a needed vigorously competitive element into our system of elections. But the smelly products of private money financing campaigns are not easily aborted.

The problem is a complex one. Basically, a member of Congress has, in effect, two constituencies: a geographic one—a state or a Congressional district; and a financial constituency, which may, and often is, a national one, most obviously in the case of the chairman of a labor, natural resources or banking subcommittee. The financial constituency is either already in existence or may be created by a candidate himself. A Senatorial candidate, given existing burgeoning campaign costs, simply cannot be elected in numerous states, Oregon and Idaho among them, unless he or she can find friendly

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money in certain other states, such as New York and California. This difficulty confronts hawks and doves, conservatives and liberals, Democrats and Republicans. No one is exempt. And, in the process, a candidate is as sinned against as sinning, in seeking to finance a campaign.

Moreover, the role of money is frequently misstated, even over-emphasized to a degree. The Watergate scandals are not the direct product of private money financing political campaigns. Schemers, trimmers and thieves sired Watergate. In addition, federal funding raises an alert—a Government instrumentality will disburse campaign funds.

And, one asks, does "money" itself corrupt? Senators from oil-producing states have been elected, not because they were "corrupted" by petroleum company officials, but because they were already disposed intellectually to acknowledge that the well-being of these companies was a primary responsibility during their Senatorial service. Their general opinions and sentiments preceded the "oil money" that flowed into their campaign chests. To argue otherwise is to acknowledge, correspondingly, that "peace money" from the Council for a Livable World or "labor money" from COPE or one of the other political arms of organized labor corrupts its favored candidates. More realistically, the money flows only when a putative candidate convinces that he or she believes, for example, in the existing tax structure that smiles upon the extractive industries or, correspondingly, in military disengagement from Indochina. Money, in this context, is currency of many colors, depending on the source.

Furthermore, public financing of campaigns, should it be enacted for Congressional campaigns, will undoubtedly be challenged in the courts.

Beyond the equivocal role of money, the efforts to restrain extravagant campaign spending by introducing ceilings will certainly be challenged by one or more court suits. The question that will be raised is whether limitations are necessarily violative of the First Amendment. Archibald Cox suggests not, because, in effect, limitations on spending are not really limitations on speech because they are limitations "once removed." Yet Mr. Justice Black, in his opinion in the case of *Barenblatt v. U.S.*, has said: "There are, of course, cases suggesting that a law which primarily regulates conduct but which might also indirectly affect speech can be upheld if the effect on speech is minor in relation to the need for control of the conduct. With these cases I agree . . . but (they did not) even remotely suggest that a law directly aimed at curtailing speech and political persuasion could be saved through a balancing process."

On balance, the Senate moved in the proper direction. Not to have acted would have been disastrous. But proponents of comprehensive federal financing of elections are obliged to carefully watch their legislative product, should it be enacted into law. Subsidies have a way of spawning their own problems. Or as someone once suggested: *Caveat Emptor.* SISYPHUS

NANCY G. WESTERFIELD

AN INHERITANCE OF COOKBOOKS

Life, teaching her the tolerance
Of its empty intervals, taught her to cook,
And bread rose in her house like incense.
Close to the end of her long
And spinistered years, she spread her hands
Over an apronful of recipes, and said:
Some day these will all be yours.
They are mine now; and the books
Fall open flatly to mysterious passages,
Where the rubrics of her kitchen witchcraft
Are written in with strange juices; strange jewels
Of stains illuminate the pages like a Duke of Berry's
Book of Hours. In her whereabouts
The great and little hours do not fill themselves
Longer with the design of dinners fit for any god;
And what is left behind of her sorcery
Is disarmed. Death, keeping her secrets
In its stillest pantries, has kept the best table,
While I keep its codebooks and signs.

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SHALL WE SOON PRAISE PODHORETZ?

MICHAEL NOVAK

When my colleague in these pages, Peter Steinfels, writes of "the new conservatives" [April 12], he appears to mean precisely five persons. Allusive writers like myself, who love to suggest three or four different things with every metaphor, envy such precision.

Peter's symbols, however, are not employed so straightly. His "new conservatives," I would have thought—Irving Kristol, Nathan Glazer, Daniel Moynihan, James Q. Wilson, and Norman Podhoretz—are now leaders of a major frontline of the American left. Gone, now, is the "new left" that once made the very recitation of their names an exercise of contumely. True enough, many writers still put them down, use them as rods for their own hostility, proof of their own superior leftishness. But they now dominate the field of action.

The good name of the left was (spuriously) appropriated by Rennie Davis and Abbie Hoffman, Robert Scheer, James Ridgeway, and others. The division on the left was deep. Even Irving Howe and Michael Harrington were regarded by the "radicals" as compromised. In this odd context Podhoretz, Glazer, Kristol *et al* came to seem "conservative."

Yet practically everyone who values excellence of intellectual performance, or has internalized the spiritual authority of the great minds of the past, has felt obliged in recent years to adopt standards that have been called (often by others) "conservative." Thus, Paul Goodman in his later years; Philip Rieff and others. The tone of *The New York Review of Books* today is erudite, somber, philosophical, almost Victorian in its meditative placidity and gracious, ambling periods. Robert Heilbroner's Aurelian reflection on the prospect of the human race is a case in point.

So it turns out that Glazer, Kristol, and Podhoretz were correct, at least, in diagnosing the new left. If one reads Michael Harrington and Irving Howe closely, as well as Eugene Genovese and Christopher Lasch, one notes that they have in effect conceded that argument.

There are still important differences on the left. In international affairs and in domestic affairs, two quite different tides are moving. The symbolic nub is how guilty to consider the United States.

One group diagnoses international affairs in the light of the imperialism of the United States, and domestic affairs in the light of the evils of the established system. The other group diagnoses international affairs in the light of dangers to world order and to individual liberties on the part of other powers, too; and domestic affairs in the light of an electoral coalition that would make incremental progress.

The social base of these two tendencies on the left is also fairly clear. Michael Harrington, who has often written well of the need to unite "the new class" with the progressive forces in the labor unions, seems ultimately to place his hopes in the new class. By contrast, Glazer, Kristol, and Podhoretz seem much more comfortable with labor, its needs, its perceptions; they are disturbed by the definition of issues generated by the new class.

The struggle, I think, is not between "the left" and "new conservatives" but between a tradition of moral reform and a tradition of irony. There are, of course, concrete political choices to face: like whom to support for President, how to line up on certain movements or certain kinds of legislation. (On this, more in a later column.)

For some, participation on the left is primarily a moral act, and for others it is primarily a political act. For the first, moving "rightward" is moral weakness; for the second, political judgment means more than moral reputation.

There is not, of course, a necessary conflict between these two tendencies; so much of the debate is a matter of tone, posture, personal association, ancient alliances and wrongs, tactical oppositions. The effect is rather like that of a highly emotional family feud, in which how everybody appears to everybody else is painfully important.

In these conflicts, moreover, casualties are often highly personal. Norman Podhoretz, for example, is one of the most flagrantly wronged persons in American letters. He is a tough, astringent, unsparing critic, and so, some will say, he deserves to take as well as to give. But what has happened to Podhoretz is far more insidious than tit-for-tat. Ever since *Making It*, Podhoretz has become a symbol around which the most astonishing hatred focuses.

There is great vulgarity in American letters. Writers cannot be free to do creative work without money —often a great deal of money. (The editorial writers of the Washington *Post* are striking for a wage of $25,000 per year, a level not shared by more than five percent of the American population.) The politics of book reviewing is often bitter. So one might conclude, from external factors alone, that "the dirty little secret" about American letters which Podhoretz broke Puritan taboos to voice must almost certainly be true.

Against the great tides of radical chic in the late sixties, Podhoretz charted an unpopular course. He attacked head-on the triumphant counter culture, greening, new populism, and virtually every shibboleth

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THE MISSOURI SYNOD: STILL THE CHURCH MILITANT

MARGARET M. CARLAN

Grappling with the understanding of Lutheranism, Christianity, life

The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod was late among major Christian denominations in moving into twentieth-century America. Then, after a few small steps in the past few decades, the synod changed its mind. Whether its people can now be turned around is the question confronting and threatening to split the 127-year-old church body.

Some leading Missouri Synod Lutherans say no and on that answer they have staked their personal futures in the church. But, the synod's official leaders say the people never really took those steps. Rather, synod officials maintain, the people were dragged, usually unwillingly and often unwittingly, by those dissident and now deposed leaders who advocated the advance.

The people in the pews—close to 2.9 million in about 5,900 congregations—have yet to be polled. But they are being asked to take sides. And if things continue as they have been going in the synod, those people siding with the dissidents could soon be asked to vote with their feet by walking into a new church or one of the other established Lutheran bodies.

Both sides in the denominational controversy insist there will be no schism or split. Yet, at the same time, the two sides move further and further from compromise.

Already Missouri Synod Lutherans are supporting two competing senior seminaries—Concordia, their official 135-year-old institution housed in an Oxford-like complex on a 72-acre campus in the St. Louis suburb of Clayton, and Seminex, the two-month-old "seminary in exile" founded after a walk-out at Concordia and using makeshift facilities at St. Louis University School of Divinity (Jesuit-controlled Roman Catholic institution whose aid to Seminex has touched off some grumbling by conservative Catholics) and Eden Seminary (Church of Christ). The same church differences that split Concordia in January of this year threaten the synod's Missions Office, with dissidents prepared to set up parallel domestic and world mission organizations if current talks between the conservative board and liberal staff result in an impasse.

The official dispute within the synod—to which both sides have devoted literally thousands of hours of discussion and hundreds of pages of documentation in the past several years—concerns Lutheran understanding of the Bible. But the unofficial dispute—or real dimensions of the ecclesiastical battle—embraces the understanding of Lutheranism, Christianity and life.

The biblical dispute centers on the Lutheran doctrine of biblical inerrancy. But only the interpretation and not the truth of the doctrine is being disputed. With Martin Luther, both sides hold that "God's word cannot err." But synod officials, or the conservative side in the dispute, insist on application of the inerrancy principle to every word in Scripture and on acceptance without mental reservation of the historicity and factuality of each passage in the Bible. The dissidents, or liberal side in the dispute (usually labeled "moderate" on the assumption that there are no liberals in the Missouri Synod), deny any reservations about important scriptural passages. They insist, however, that the inerrancy principle applies not to words but to the overall salvation message of Scripture.

These differences had been causing skirmishes in the synod for some time but open warfare did not break out until July of 1969 when the Rev. Dr. Jacob A. O.

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Preuss was elected synod president. Dr. Preuss' election was brought about (his opponents say engineered) by conservatives who were worried about changes in their church. The changes were not always related to doctrine but the conservatives portrayed and probably saw them that way. The changes were taking place in Catholicism and other Protestant denominations too, but this only made them more suspect to many Missouri Synod Lutherans.

The changes included moves toward fellowship with other Lutherans and dialogue with other Christians and moves toward social action as an application of the gospels to contemporary conditions. Wary Missourians could find these changes lurking everywhere in their church in the turmoil of the '60s. But as in earlier fights against modernism in other denominations, the changes seemed most visible at the synod's senior seminary.

There, it was said, young men studying for the ministry—the men who would become their pastors and guardians of the word—openly participated in the worship services of other denominations; neglected their studies for inner-city work and Vietnam war demonstrations; and shrugged off as parables or even myths, the biblical mysteries and miracles that had sustained their forefathers. For the young, there might be some toleration, but it was said also that in all these things the seminarians were being aided and abetted by their professors. In fact, the professors' teachings on the Bible could be viewed as the root cause of all the other problems.

Tension between parish and seminary is the precursor of that between town and gown. But such tension in the Missouri Synod had been markedly less than that experienced in other U.S. denominations. The seminary was established in rural Perry County, Mo., eight years before the synod was organized in St. Louis. For most of its existence, seminary officials served simultaneously as synod officials. There may have always been the town suspicion of scholarship, but it was to the seminary that the synod always looked for settling doctrinal controversies, to the seminary that it looked as its seat of orthodoxy.

And the scholarship at the seminary, peculiarly isolated from other scholarly, cultural and religious trends in the United States, easily lent itself to fostering orthodoxy and doctrinal purity. German was spoken in seminary classes into the 20th century with the transition to English not completed until 1930. Until 1930, only men who had received their entire education in synod schools could teach at the seminary and it was not until the 1950s that seminary scholars began studying at other universities in any significant numbers. It was not until the 1959-60 school year that a bachelor's degree was required for admission to the seminary and not until 1964 that Concordia was accredited by the American Association of Theological Seminaries.

Missouri Synod Lutherans—and with them their seminary—began to emerge from their cultural shell only with World War II. And even after the war it was pastors who had worked side by side with other Americans in the war effort at home and abroad—and not seminary professors—who led the fledgling liberal movements in the synod. Thus in the '60s when the seminary faculty—swelled by postwar graduates—took over the liberal leadership, the conservative membership of the synod held them twice guilty.

Dr. Preuss had pledged to halt liberalizing trends throughout the synod and shortly after his election as president took his most public stand against such trends at the place where they were most visible and irritating to his constituency. In April of 1970, he announced that an investigation would be made of the teaching at Concordia Seminary to assure against heresy. The battle lines were clearly drawn and immediately Dr. Preuss came into open confrontation with the young, moderate, seminary president, Dr. John H. Tietjen.

The battle raged for more than three years, with the seminary faculty being cleared in one investigation and condemned in another, doctrinal papers being issued from all sides, and the American Association of Theological Schools placing Concordia on probation for its manner of dismissing one faculty member. When Dr. Preuss was re-elected at the July 1973 convention of the synod, it was clear that conservatives had won the battle, if not yet the war.

This was made quite clear by Dr. Preuss in his talk to the convention. "I want you to understand the gravity of the situation affecting as it does not only all that you do in this convention but virtually all that we will do as a church body for years to come," he told convention delegates. "We can have no other Scripture than an inerrant Scripture as our norm, and no other Gospel than the Gospel of the Scripture as our message. That will continue to be my position next year, and the following year, and the year after that, and for as long as the Lord sees fit to use me as one of His ministers of the Gospel."

Showing that he understood the "gravity of the situation" all too well, Dr. Tietjen told a news conference at the convention, "I have no doubt that before long I will no longer be president of the seminary." With legalistic bickering on both sides, the actual removal of Dr. Tietjen did not come until Jan. 20, 1974—and then only in the form of suspension from his post for teaching false doctrine and for very minor and very questionable charges of administrative malfeasance. Charges of heresy which could result in his removal from the ministry are still to be decided—although Dr. Tietjen has said he will not participate in further proceedings "whose outcome has already been determined."

When Dr. Tietjen was suspended his supporters were ready. Seminarians took the lead by the next day de-

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claring a moratorium on classes until the school's board of control would declare exactly which professors were teaching false doctrine. (A resolution passed at the July synod convention had attributed false doctrine to a majority of the faculty.) The following day 40 out of some 45 faculty members followed suit, declaring themselves condemned and suspended with Dr. Tietjen because they shared his doctrinal views. After several unsuccessful attempts at mediation, the seminary board ordered the faculty to return to classes and when they did not terminated their employment. In February the dissident faculty and administration members set up the "seminary in exile" and close to 400 of the original 500 ministerial students at Concordia enrolled. About 60 students remained at Concordia and spring enrollment boosted the number of students there to about 80.

The Seminex operation has received its principal support (moral and financial) from Evangelical Lutherans in Mission (ELIM), a group organized shortly after last summer's convention to provide a voice for the moderate position in the synod. The name of the rump organization reflects the two major concerns that moderate Missourians express about the direction of the synod. They say they want the synod to be a missionary church as opposed to an isolated denomination and an evangelical church as opposed to a legalistic one.

The missionary emphasis that moderates stress is that of the Mission Affirmations adopted by the synod's convention in 1965. Persons on both sides of the dispute, in fact, view that convention action as the culmination of postwar liberal ascendancy in seminary and synod. The affirmations described the synod as "a confessional movement within the total body of Christ rather than a denomination emphasizing institutional barriers of separation." Further, the affirmations declared it the work of the church to "extend justice, social acceptance, and a full share in God's bounty to all people who are discriminated against and oppressed by reason of race, class, creed, or other unwarranted distinctions." The evangelical emphasis that moderates stress is a church openness to the Spirit which they claim is part of their heritage from Martin Luther.

The Rev. Samuel J. Roth, national president of ELIM and a suburban St. Louis pastor, says that under Dr. Preuss' administration the synod has retreated both from the new spirit of mission and the historical spirit of evangelical openness. Pastor Roth charges that "a spirit of legalism" has dominated Dr. Preuss' administration and has resulted in a continual purge of moderates from positions of power in the synod. The ELIM leader maintains that in contrast an evangelical church would be open to both moderate and conservative viewpoints. "By our very nature we would let the two groups live together."

This moderate claim of openness is a sore point with synod conservatives who say they were under attack when moderates controlled synod and seminary administrations. Church by-laws now being cited by the conservative administration to threaten the expulsion from the synod of congregations ordaining Seminex graduates were, in fact, initiated by moderates in the late '60s. They were part of an attempt by moderates to expel a congregation for ordaining an ultra-conservative Concordia seminarian whom the then moderate faculty had refused to certify.

"Sheer nonsense" is what the moderate claim to openness is called by the Rev. Dr. Martin H. Scharlemann, who was named acting president of Concordia on Dr. Tietjen's suspension. Dr. Scharlemann maintains that he and the few other conservative faculty members were subject to "harassment and persecution that you wouldn't believe" under the administration of Dr. Tietjen. Dr. Scharlemann also readily acknowledges that he once was the victim of conservative forces in the synod. That was in the early '60s when Dr. Scharlemann was considered a moderate and some papers he wrote on modern biblical scholarship drew charges of heresy. He withdrew the controversial papers at the 1962 synod convention for the sake of what he calls "the peace of the church."

During an interview in March on the Concordia campus, Dr. Scharlemann, a former brigadier general in the U.S. Army, discussed the 1962 incident and the present troubles in the synod with the pragmatism of a good soldier. Late in April, however, Dr. Scharlemann resigned the post as acting seminary president, citing nervous exhaustion and his doctor's recommendation. Not quite 80 students had registered for the spring semester at Concordia the day before the interview, but Dr. Scharlemann expressed satisfaction with the number. He said the need for new ministers had fallen anyway and the seminary could be rebuilt by the time the need increased. "We have a large overhead right now, but that's only for the short haul." He said he expected many of the dissident students would return to Concordia in the fall after they learned they could not obtain pastoral appointments through Seminex. As for his former colleagues on the faculty, Dr. Scharlemann speculated that most would neither come back nor form a new synod but simply be lost through gradual attrition.

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Dr. Scharlemann stressed that the dispute which split the seminary was doctrinal. Yet he traced his personal concern about liberal trends on campus back to the college activism of the '60s. He said he objected to a social concerns committee supported by the administration which did nothing but "criticize U.S. foreign policy and subvert the loyalty of people to this country." He cited also "strange talk about love" on campus and a demonstration protesting the shootings at Kent State University.

The well-publicized Kent demonstration was very disturbing to most synod members, Dr. Scharlemann maintained. And he estimated that support for the present conservative administration is as high as 70 percent among Missouri Synod lay people.

Few moderates would dispute Dr. Scharlemann's contention that synod members are by and large conservative both theologically and politically. But they maintain that the charge of doctrinal liberalism made against the dissidents is a red herring and that if the lay people can be brought to understand the real issue in the dispute they will support the dissidents.

Lutheran Churches in the U.S.

The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod is the second largest of three major Lutheran church bodies in the United States. Founded in 1847 with headquarters in St. Louis, it has almost 2.9 million members across the country and has districts in Canada and South America. It is considered the most conservative of the major Lutheran bodies and its strength is greatest in the Midwest and among rural Lutherans of German descent. The synod operates a parochial school system as extensive for its numbers as that of the Catholic Church.

The largest of the three Lutheran bodies, the Lutheran Church in America, has a little better than 3 million members. Headquartered in New York with a substantial Eastern membership, it is considered by far the most liberal of the three Lutheran organizations.

The American Lutheran Church, with 2.5 million members, is considered middle-of-the-road. Its headquarters are in Minneapolis.

There are also four small Lutheran church bodies in the United States with a combined membership of about 400,000 members. Considered as a whole, the country's 8.8 million Lutherans make up the third largest Protestant group in the United States. They cooperate through the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A., headquartered in New York, but the Missouri Synod's participation in council affairs has been the most reluctant of the three large groups, as have been the synod's moves toward church fellowship with other Lutherans. M.M.C.

"The real issue," says the Rev. Dr. Robert W. Bertram, "boils down to the question is this church big enough for all of us? My colleagues and I feel very passionately that it is. And I believe that as long as you put the question that way most members of our congregations would agree."

Dr. Bertram, who is chairman of the faculty committee administering Seminex, also says that his colleagues are willing to work at resolving theological differences "forever if necessary." But he says the present problem in the church has come about because "on the other side are folks who say that if we have theological differences the only way to deal with them is to get rid of those who differ."

A few nights later more than 14,000 of those folks at a rally at Concordia seemed confident and even joyous that they had done just that. The rally cheered Dr. Preuss and other conservative officials and sang "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" with a gusto that proclaimed the fortress had prevailed again.

Dr. Preuss told the rally that Concordia would not only survive the recent departures but would "enter a period of greater importance than ever before." The same, he said, was true of the synod. The synod president said nothing about talking with the dissidents or persuading them to come back. In praising Dr. Scharlemann, however, Dr. Preuss focused on what has been his consistent view of the only route open to church reconciliation. Of the then acting seminary president, Dr. Preuss said to long applause, "He has been under fire in his own church but he was man enough to ask the church to forgive him."

That is hardly the dissidents' understanding of dialogue. But Dr. Preuss will be in control of the church for three more years and he has made quite clear that his views will be the same next year and the next year and the next.

The moderates insist they will not leave the synod, but they are far from demonstrating that they will be able to stay in on their terms. They have won some minor support from a few of the church's 35 districts, but the support has come mainly from east coast districts where the number of Missouri Synod Lutherans is relatively small and relations have always been closer with less conservative Lutheran bodies. There is little indication that enough districts are ready to defy the synod expulsion threat to place the approximately 125 Seminex seniors who will be seeking pastoral appointments at the end of the school year.

What the moderates are really counting on is a man-in-the-pew Lutheran-type revolt against the way authority is being exercised in the synod. Their hope is that the Concordia walk-out was dramatic and symbolic enough to force the people to turn their attention to openly discussing and settling the issues that previously had been more quietly dividing the church.

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But the seminary walk-out is now more than three months old; the headlines are getting smaller; the rallies less dramatic; the endless proposals for mediation less interesting. Concordia is operating in a fashion and undoubtedly can continue to operate without the dissidents. And as the heat of the dispute continues to lose intensity, the moderates might discover that synod officials were counting on the walk-out too, counting on it to rid the synod of dissidents in one fell swoop.

As both sides contend, it is quite possible that there may be no compromise and no split either. The problem might just go away through the twentieth-century version of schism—attrition. That type schism comes not from an organized split but simply when some men decide they must get back to the business of making a living, some decide there are more important fights for freedom to be won and some just lose interest. If it comes, the Missouri Synod, the church militant still, could find itself free for another century of talk of fellowship and love and peace, free to get back to Bible reading, hymn singing and other preparation for becoming the church triumphant.

COMMUNITY, SI—INDEPENDENCE, NO

JORDAN BISHOP

Under whatever slogan, Latin America remains effectively tied to the U.S.

Pierre Elliot Trudeau once said that sharing a continent with the United States is like sleeping with an elephant. Latin Americans who must, willy-nilly, share a hemisphere with the United States, have been treated to yet another "new relationship" with the United States as Mr. Kissinger met in Mexico City recently with Latin American and Caribbean foreign ministers.

The project was the formation of a "new Western hemisphere community." Given the history of Latin America's relationships with the United States, it is not surprising that the idea was rejected. Three days of discussion were not enough to bring the Latin Americans around to open acceptance of colonial status. This in fact is what a hemispheric community must mean to Latin America, and what it has meant in the past. The real question is not how to achieve a hemispheric community, but rather how Latin Americans might escape from such a community.

In 1969 Mr. Nixon proposed a new Latin American policy, and it turned out to be old Latin American policy, in which the "hemispheric" idea is central. This inevitably means American domination of Latin American politics, industry and trade. This is the basic thrust of the Monroe Doctrine. It is the real meaning of the Good Neighbor policy, and of the Alliance for Progress. It is Mr. Nixon's "new" policy in 1969. Rhetoric can hardly cover the fact of continuity in United States policy towards Latin America, and the practical impossibility of any real change.

Mr. Kissinger has insisted that the United States is not trying to create a new political bloc in Latin America. The United States would not press Latin America to carry out its proposals for a new partnership. Of course not! No amount of window-dressing or new hemispheric proposals can alter the facts of today's coexistence. With the exception of Cuba, nearly every Latin American nation is tied to the United States through investment, aid, trade and—most important—military assistance programs that tend to ensure not only "stability" but the kind of stability demanded for "development" within a hemispheric (that is, imperialistic) system.

Establishment economists have often remarked that the United States does not need Latin America. The usual argument is made in terms of the relatively small export market, the fact that America produces largely for domestic consumption, the small amount of Latin American trade compared with the large American GNP. Franz Fanon has already remarked that "objective" studies always seem to favor the imperialist position. On the other side is the fact that the highly efficient United States economy consumes—as E. F. Schumacher has pointed out—forty percent of the world's resources to provide for six percent of the world's population.

In the Mexico City meeting, one foreign minister was missing. Some diplomatic observers said that the fact that the Cuban issue was not discussed was a sign of the success of Mr. Kissinger's new diplomacy. This may be overly optimistic by half. Hackles rose in Canada recently over the U.S. embargo on a sale of locomotives to Cuba by a Montreal-based American company. Argentina has yet to get a decision on whether similar sale of Argentine-built automobiles can be made to Cuba. If it is not, the threat of nationalization of the company in question has been made. Canada has apparently resorted to softer, but effective methods.

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As things stand, there may be little difference between a new hemispheric community and the present situation. Latin America is tied to the United States as effectively now as it would be under any other slogan. Aside from factors already mentioned, the principal instrument is the need for "development." In context this means the establishment of industry along the lines of American industry, controlled by American interests and resulting in the establishment of elites that need the present system for survival. This is reinforced by American aid—bilateral aid always being preferred to any effective multilateral (or non-hemispheric) aid, as many United Nations workers have discovered to their sorrow. As a last resort, the ubiquitous military aid creates another group of elites whose main purpose is to keep Latin America in the American Empire. The recent case of Chile is but one example of this, more dramatic than others since the military were actually called upon to employ force to save Chile for the Empire.

Prestige aside, there is hardly any reason for military aid except to keep the Empire going. Few people seriously think that a Latin American nation would be allowed to go to war with another one, least of all those who supply planes and tanks to Latin American armies. There are some old wounds still open—the courtroom where Regis Debray was tried in 1968 was festooned with banners proclaiming Bolivia's right to a Bolivian department occupied by Chile in 1879 and ceded to that country in 1901. But the principal mission of Latin American military forces, as spelled out by General Westmoreland in an address to chiefs of staff in Brazil in the mid-sixties, is counter-insurgency. They are seldom called upon to exercise this mission. The tragic adventure of Ernesto Guevara in Bolivia was hardly a threat to the establishment.

What they are called upon to do is to create a political force that will maintain stable, friendly relations with the United States. There is no need to create a political bloc, least of all by the State Department. Many Latin Americans would maintain that this has already been done by the Pentagon. And as the case of Chile demonstrates, it is effective.

Within the existing hemispheric system, there are now and again signs of unrest. The blockade of Cuba has not worked, even though Mr. Kissinger was able to keep the question off the agenda at Mexico City. Mexico (and to the North, Canada) never did accept it. Ominously, Chile under Allende opened relationships with Cuba, but this was probably a minor factor in the subsequent "Guatemalization" of Chile. Argentina is interested in selling automobiles to Cuba. Venezuela has questioned the embargo, although Venezuelan oil might now be priced too high for Cuba, which imports Russian oil in exchange for now-expensive sugar. Fidel Castro has had kind words for the Velasco regime in Peru—a regime which raises some questions as to the ultimate effectiveness of military aid as a system of political control. Guayana under Forbes Burnham—the anti-Communist choice of a few years back—has been making friendly overtures to Cuba as well.

Perhaps the most important development has been the sudden realization that a seller's market may develop in raw materials. This has started with oil. The Venezuelan government has repeatedly indicated that petroleum prices will remain high, and despite Mr. Nixon's promise of self-sufficiency by 1980, they are on solid ground. The enticing prospect for many Latin Americans is that if this works for oil, it may well work for other commodities as well. In October of last year there was a call for the formation of a common energy policy in Latin America—with no mention of extending an invitation to the United States to participate. While this is unlikely to result in any concerted action it may provide a sign of how some Latin American leaders are thinking. For the moment, it sounds like wishful thinking, but the idea has been voiced, and reported in the Latin American press.

Yet in fact, the hemispheric system functions as securely as ever. There have been no serious efforts on the part of Latin American nations—if one excepts the odd defense contract—to play off Europe and Japan against the monolith to the North. That this has not happened is the best sign that the Monroe Doctrine-Big Stick-Good Neighbor-Alliance for Progress-New Community tradition is still solidly established. Even increasing the ante for the area's raw materials reinforces the system.

Latin American nations—even Cuba—are still engaged in the pursuit of "development," and Latin American elites still have a vested interest in "development." This in itself guarantees the survival of the Empire, even though it also implies the creation of a "dual economy," of islands of twentieth-century technology in an ocean of poverty and increased unemployment, and ever-increasing dependence on the United States.

If all this is successful, the nations to the South of the Rio Grande (they would call it the Rio Bravo) may one day become part of the developed world. They can look forward to a brilliant future as part of the hemispheric system, whether their leaders accept the rhetoric of a new "Western hemisphere community" or not. They have little real choice, and if they are interested in a model, they might look to the North. Canada is a developed nation, highly industrialized, with a high standard of living, well-accustomed to sleeping with the elephant. Sixty-five percent of Canada's industry is American-owned. Eighty percent of Canada's resource industry is American-owned. And there is little chance for Latin America to look forward to anything else as long as it remains within a hemispheric system. The real problem is not how to form a hemispheric community, but rather how to escape it.

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THE SCREEN

Though Francis Ford Coppola says that he began working on the script for *The Conversation* in 1966, it is hardly fortuitous that the film itself should appear now, on the heels of *The Great Gatsby*. Coppola had no control over how his script for *Gatsby* was directed and must have known from the start that, whatever *Gatsby* might do for his pocketbook, it wouldn't add to his reputation. It is therefore a very shrewd bit of timing to release *The Conversation*, a project over which he had complete control and with which he is clearly pleased, just when he needs a lifeboat to escape from the titanic disaster of the Fitzgerald adaptation.

The Conversation is a film that works on lots of different levels, the motifs of Coppola's design for the film all being perfectly synthesized in the final product the way that the different channels of a recording session are blended and balanced on a stereophonic tape. It is a film about an electronic eavesdropper named Harry Caul (Gene Hackman), and as such it is, on the first level, a film of and about sound. The sound effects in the film are extraordinary. At a moment when Harry has been put in a very isolated, vulnerable position by one of his clients, the hush of wind that one hears riding in an elevator becomes a shrieking, sighing force. Another time, after Harry has bugged a hotel room in which a murder is being committed, he wakes up to find a TV set on, the face on the screen shouting at him at full volume like some great, electronic conscience.

In a long, rather documentary sequence early in the film, we see Harry working on three different tapes of the conversation referred to in the title, a lunch-hour chat that some illicit lovers have had in a public plaza. Patiently Harry screens, shunts and fidgets with the tapes until he has retrieved from their squawks and blurts everything that was said. Harry lives in a world of gobbledy-gook sound which it is his job to render intelligible, and Coppola's film is also, in a sense, a pattern of sounds gradually revealing their intelligibility.

As Coppola has imagined it, the profession of snooping is an extremely paradoxical one. Harry is a freelance eavesdropper who has a personal mania for privacy. He lives almost tracelessly in an efficiency apartment, and his only intimate is a mistress whom he obviously loves. Yet when she asks him a few personal questions, he abandons even her. A top practitioner of the most modernly amoral profession conceivable, Harry is also a rather old-fashioned Catholic with a simple (if sometimes lax) faith. He keeps his life so compartmentalized that, as one facet of the film's montage illustrates, he can go directly from deciphering other people's secrets in his workshop to disclosing his own secrets in the confessional.

What messes up Harry's fastidious life is the way that this compartmentalization begins to disintegrate on him. When he starts to suspect that the client for whom he has recorded that young couple's tryst will murder them as a result, his own life and the two lives he has come to know only through the tapes begin to inter-penetrate. On a troubled night when he lets a prostitute come up to his workshop, they listen to the tape while she seduces him, and its furtive conversation begins to sound like dialogue for their furtive lovemaking. "You're supposed to tease me," says the woman on the tape, referring to a gift her lover wants to keep as a surprise for her. But the remark could as well be a sudden disclosure of Harry's ever-secret thoughts, an articulation of his vague and distracted feelings about the routine, unprovocative way in which the prostitute is undressing. "I love you," says the tape ironically. "We're spending too much time here," it self-replies, again with an ironic relevance to Harry's dilemma.

Of course there is a certain confusion in this scene between Harry's life and the tape, for it is the woman's voice, not the man's, that seems to be speaking for Harry. This ambiguity of men's and women's roles turns out to be relevant too, however. As Harry should know by now—to say nothing of us in the audience—words alone *are* ambiguous, misleading, hard to get the drift of, even when they are at last heard distinctly. Later on, when he bugs that hotel room, Harry thinks he hears a murder committed; and indeed he has heard one, but not the one he thinks. In the end Harry's client doesn't prove to be who Harry thought it was. On the contrary, the client gets the last word, as it were, by putting Harry himself under surveillance and compromising him as he has done others. Victim and victimizer change places, and Harry's fate is seen to be like that of the miscreants condemned in Dante's Inferno to the nether circles, where the punishment is always inspired by the sin itself.

The Conversation is a very precise film, and if it has any fault it is only that it is even more precise than it need be. For someone whose training was exclusively cinematic—he even has a degree from the U.C.L.A. film school—Coppola is a surprisingly literary director. The film is not only about words, but seems to have been conceived wholly from words—to have been brought into finished form while still in the scriptwriting and planning stage. It makes a certain sense to suppose that Coppola does indeed work this way, for he is always working as a scriptwriter whether he is also directing (*The Rain People, The Godfather*, et al.) or not (*Gatsby, Patton*). He has been a writer on over twenty films, though he has directed only six or seven.

The result this time is a film perhaps too neatly rendered to be completely satisfying: a film that is too clean, too perfect. For all its quality (or maybe because of

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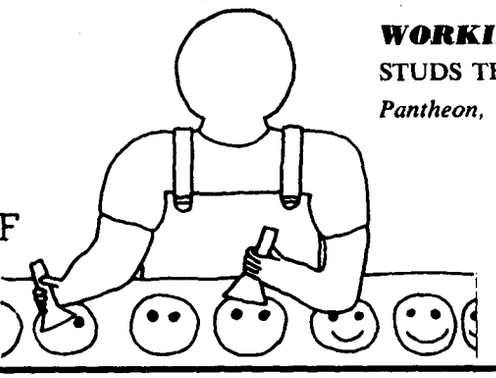
it), *The Conversation* never gives us the feeling that its director was deflected by mental struggle in making it. Like the timing of its release, the film itself seems so calculated that we cannot help suspecting it of being disingenuous. No work of art that appears to have been made without any spontaneity can seem trustworthy. Like the conversations that Harry Caul eavesdrops on, this film seems to record life at a great distance and by purely mechanical means. However impressed we may be with Coppola's control over his material, we don't come away from the film feeling that he has even Harry Caul's pathetic capacity to let his passions interfere with his work.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

WORK, WORK, WORK



WORKING
STUDS TERKEL
Pantheon, $10

SAUL MALOFF

THE TEMPTATION, now that Work has at last—or again—become a central issue in serious discourse, is to bring to bear upon it all the heavy conceptual apparatus: the young Marx of the Paris Manuscripts on alienation; obligatory reference to *Civilization and Its Discontents,* R. H. Tawney, Max Weber, assorted neo-Freudians and neo-Marxists. Reading a thick book devoted entirely to the actual workaday lives of a wide spectrum of flesh-and-bone persons should if justice and reason prevailed on earth make tupamaros of teamsters, Maoists of insurance salesmen, revolutionaries of certified public accountants, anarchists of orthodontists, Marcuseans of deacons, Reichians of computer programmers and bank tellers; though it would probably leave untouched all celebrants of the "work ethic," that Aesopian obscenity, but only because they are untouchable.

Above all, the experience, when one has risen again from the slough of despond, moves one to wonder, with something like awe, that the human creature can be so subdued, so flattened and emptied of vital fires as to submit his brief life to the carnivorous time-clock, to measure his freedom by the ten-minute coffee breaks, ultimate happiness by a pink bathroom, a flagstone fireplace, an A-frame cabin at the lakeside. The genius of the social order: the process called "socialization" by which a 16-year-old, blood rampant, fluids raging, can stare down the long corridor of his/her certain life and walk willingly into the darkness, even *choose* to do so, accept it as if it were the only possible path, foreordained, necessary, morally good—without shaking a fist at Providence, cursing God, storming the ramparts, taking to the hills, getting out of town, blowing up the earth, poisoning the reservoir, getting high and staying there, never coming down except to man and woman and child the barricades. What a masterpiece we have created—the boy who without a murmur will sell shoes and load crates for fifty years, die smiling with a shoe in his hands, a crate in his arms, the girl filing her life away, typing her fingertips spatulate, the ribbon like entrails unwinding. How can it be that we are not all Luddites? Faced with work, but with Work conceived by an economy of abundance (and rigged scarcity) stockpiling trash skyhigh and heeldeep—Work can make theologians, and rhetoricans and bad poets, of us all; an eschatologist of everyman. Work, not death, is the wages of sin.

But these aren't concepts or factors of production; and we must not profane their lives. They're people, not The People: how, then, is it possible to see them truly, without hypocrisy or sentimentality, condescension or the moist pity that scarcely conceals contempt? There are genuine monsters in Studs Terkel's new collection of tape-recorded interviews, which are less interviews than they are monologues and reveries —people running on about their lives, as if this is the moment they've been waiting for a long time, a chance to tell someone, anyone, a stranger with a machine, about how it is with them: "what they do all day and how they feel about what they do." Monsters outright: zombies and psychopaths, fully processed hirelings so bought and paid-for, such wholly-owned subsidiaries, that they would no more think to question the rightness of things-as-they-are than would the man in Personnel, or the time-motion statistician. They're only doing their jobs.

These need not detain us. What is still astonishing is the humanity that survives in some pretty unlikely places. The gung-ho "undercover industrial investigator" (read company spy) has just brilliantly succeeded, by squatting in a dark corner atop a refrigerator for four days, working eight-hour shifts, in collaring the culprit who'd been stealing butter from the bakery. Got him; caught him redhanded. "He didn't have a leg to stand on," he says. "When I got up and took the stand, my testimony destroyed him." His agency had given him a week for the job: "I never thought I'd finish the case

SAUL MALOFF *is the author of the highly-praised novel,* Heartland *(Scribner's).*

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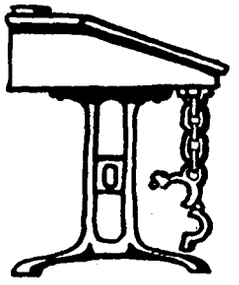
in a week—never thought I'd catch the guy. I met my deadline. I'm proud of that." But for all the bravado something's nagging at him. The arch-criminal is a black man, getting on in years, who has worked there for twenty-five years and was soon to have retired. "And he just blew everything," he goes on. "He was out. That's it. We busted the guy. Nothing after twenty-five years. He ain't got a job, he's not a kid any more, what does he do?"

His wife, who happens to be in the room during the interview, reminds him that though he's "always stickin' up for the employer," in this instance he'd wavered. The employer, who in 25 years had never before set eyes on the man who'd "put his life's work into the business," should have had "more rapport with the guy . . . called him in and said 'What's the problem? What do you need that extra money for?' Maybe the guy's in a bind or something. You shouldn't throw him out in the street." In an angry ouburst she says, "all right, so he stole some lousy butter. He should have found out the reasons. Apparently he needed extra money for something, whatever it was, right?"

No, she goes on to tell her husband, the spy—no, she would *not* submit to a polygraph test to get a job. (They're epidemic in industry, as elsewhere.) Why not? her husband asks incredulously. "Because I wouldn't," she replies. "I want people to accept me as I am. I don't need a test to prove my honesty . . . That's the chance he [the employer] takes . . . I'd want to polygraph *him.*" Rolling his eyes heavenward—where all the seraphim know what charming cretins women are, God bless them—he says plaintively: "Everybody looks at the employer like he's the evil guy." "He *is* the evil guy," his adoring wife replies furiously. ". . . Big business uses people. They use people as long as they can." Spying—sorry: industrial investigation—is a growth industry, a real comer, a "fast growing field of employment. Tremendous. . . . It's a very important field. This is one industry that affects all industries."

Who hasn't stood at the checkout counter, stealing furtive, guilty glances at the girl or woman rolling the groceries with one hand while she taps out your fate, and her own, with the other? Terrifying, right? Hell, no? Sartre never worked in a supermarket, so how would he know? Hell isn't other people—only a French intellectual, after a succession of large cocktail parties, would think so; *this* is hell, the cash register and that unending tidal wave of groceries. Well, the checker here has been at it all her life, for thirty years starting when she was twelve in the antediluvian age of the small family-owned store and prices penciled on brown paper bags. "It's hard work," she says, "but I like it. This is my life." She's a true professional: "I use my three fingers—my thumb, my index finger, and my



middle finger. The right hand. And my left hand is on the groceries. . . I got my hips pushin' on the button and it rolls around on the counter. . . I'm just movin'—the hips, the hand, and the register, the hips, the hand, and the register. . . . You just keep goin', one, two, one, two. If you've got that rhythm, you're a fast checker. . . I love my job." Her varicose veins are killing her; arch supports ease the pain but not much; she's too tired to sleep at night; but she loves her job: "I'm a checker and I'm very proud of it." She's unmistakably a decent soul—a good, warm-hearted, affable woman, honorable, independent, beholden to no one, toweringly superior to the job she does. If one were to say that to her, she would no doubt repudiate the idea with contempt and anger—the job she does is good in itself and she's good at it, she loves and is proud of it.

And along comes the radical critic of work and lectures her on the profit system, the immorality of the cash nexus, alienation and dehumanization, cleverly pointing out the surgical violence of the deep, mutilating injury done her that she might become a happy slave, a fast rhythmic checker in love with the one-two, one-two tempo of her life. And she will say: "I'm a couple of days away, I'm lonesome for this place. When I'm on a vacation . . . I start to get fidgety. . . . I look forward to comin' to work. It's a great feelin'. I enjoy it somethin' terrible." We must change the world.

Actually the astutest critic is a 17-year-old "box boy," a natural satirist with an unassailable built-in cant-detector who knows just what to make of the credo pasted on the backroom wall of the supermarket: "Be good to your job and your job will be good to you." "So you take an overriding concern on how the ice cream is packed," he says. "You just die if something falls off a shelf. I saw so much crap there I just couldn't take." But he knows, he knows. The others "needed the job to subsist. I guess I had the luxury to hate it and quit." Nor could he take the customers who went out of their way to buy grapes because the Chavez people passing out leaflets outside the market (which is in L.A.) weren't by God going to tell them what to do, or eat! "People wouldn't pay attention to the music [soul-soothing Musak]," he observes. "They'd go shopping and hit their kids and talk about those idiots passing out anti-grape petitions." He'll be, let us hope, what another "subject" who quit his job says he wants to be: "a frontiersman of the spirit—where work is not a drag."

Work certainly isn't a drag for the man who's "probably the youngest general foreman in the plant, yes, sir"—a Ford assembly plant. Asked whether he finds the assembly line boring, he says: "No, uh-uh. Far from boring. . . . We'd come up with different games—like we'd take the numbers of the jeeps that went by. That guy loses, he buys coffee . . . I'm the kind of guy, if I was due for a raise I'm not gonna ask for it . . . I don't question my boss, I don't question the

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company."

At the now-famous GM assembly plant in Lordstown, Ohio—the fastest, most automated line in the world—things have changed, not all that much, but enough so that for a while people who should have known better thought they detected the winds of transforming change blowing in from Lordstown, deceived, perhaps, by the ringing apocalyptic name. Anything but a time-serving hack, the president of Local 1112, UAW, is 29 years old and pleased that "Lordstown is the Woodstock of the workingman": average age 25, the "mod look, long hair, big Afros, beads," the works. They questioned the boss and the company; unlike their fathers they didn't see doing "dirty work" past the point of utter exhaustion as "manly"; they believed they have "something to say" about work which, they said, could drive a man nuts. "He doesn't believe that when the foreman says it's right that it's right. Hell, he may be ten times more intelligent as this foreman. If he believes he's working too hard, he stands up and says so. He doesn't ask for more money. He says, '. . . I want to keep my job and keep my senses.' " Some deep upheaval has occurred in a society's constellation of values: some people decided "the almighty dollar is not the only thing." The company argued that the saving of a second over a year's spread added up to a million dollars; the workers argued "that's mechanical; that's not human—they weren't robots or machines." Their acts of self-assertion were unprecedented, staggering in their very ordinariness and modesty: as the line hurtled by at killing speed they wanted now and then to glance at a newspaper, talk to the worker alongside, even if it meant momentary neglect of duty: sabotage. "Aw, f— it," they said. "It's only a car." Imagine the colossal corporation and its cherished object, the fastest, most automated line in the world; and a worker who by turning his head sabotages a car; and now imagine a society in which that conflict of interest poses a monumental problem seemingly beyond the remotest possibility of resolution. Then multiply that weighty conundrum by a factor of a billion. What you get is the grossest national product.

There are other proletarian heroes in this rather contrived morality play, true working-class diamonds-in-the-rough straight out of agit-prop theater. Accordingly, they close out the book: the father, a former teamster blacklisted for union organizing and now in his late sixties a freight-elevator operator; and his two sons—yes, a cop and a fireman; and all three cast in bronze. "I believe socialism is gonna be the future," the father says. The cop works on the rescue squad of the emergency service: "a man under a train, trapped in an auto, bridge jumpers, psychos, guys that murdered people and barricaded themselves in." Like his father, he's superb. The fireman is a marvel, he really is: he truly wants to save lives, laying his own on the line every time out. He not only would bless his son's marriage to a Puerto Rican; he himself is married to one, only she's Colombian—and he *can* tell them apart. For him the firehouse is a kind of commune, a utopian soviet of the golden age. "I like everybody workin' together," he says. "You chip in for a meal together. One guy goes to the store, one guy cooks, one guy washes the dishes. A common goal. We got a lieutenant there, he says the fire department is the closest thing to socialism there is." In the curtain speech he says: "I worked in a bank. You know, it's just paper. It's not real. Nine to five and it's shit. You're lookin' at numbers. But I can look back and say, 'I helped put out a fire. I helped save somebody.' It shows something I did on this earth."

If The Future were in their hands I'd want to live in it; but of course it isn't and I'm afraid I won't. Terkel has caught some themes in the American drama on his tapes and by some canny shuffling and a little tinkering created a fable closer than reality is to his (and my) heart's desire; and appended a happy ending to the saddest story.

Georges Bernanos

A Biography

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

Georges Bernanos (1888-1948) was one of the most powerful forces in contemporary French literature, best known here for his *Diary of a Country Priest* and *The Dialogues of the Carmelites.* He was a force, too, in French politics, a believer in radical Christianity whose principles led him, at different times, to espouse and oppose the causes of reaction and of revolution.

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THE VALUES OF SURVIVAL

VICTOR FERKISS

The Tyranny of Survival
DANIEL CALLAHAN

Macmillan, $6.95

Fellow Teachers
PHILIP RIEFF

Harper and Row, $6.95

Philip Rieff and Daniel Callahan are concerned with two distinct but related problems facing contemporary humanity: the breakdown of traditional cultural and moral values and the increasing ascendancy of technological norms in modern society. They seek to account for the existence of these problems and to deal with them according to the theories of Sigmund Freud—and accordingly fail.

The Tyranny of Survival is the product of philosopher Callahan's search for a perspective from which to judge the present and pending developments in biological technology with which he has been concerned for several years as director of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences. He has, alas, seized upon Freud—explicitly Freud as interpreted by Rieff—as a point of departure. A major part of his book consists of an explication of the basic premises of Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*: that man is basically aggressive and is necessarily unhappy because his aggressiveness leads to an insurmountable conflict between the individual and civilization. For Callahan, therefore, the problems raised by the need to evaluate and control technology are essentially psychological rather than social. Technology provides another, indeed the penultimate, example of how man in seeking to improve his condition ends up as badly or worse off than ever. Because of the very nature of the human psyche happiness is an illusory goal and technology simply another fore-doomed means of searching for it.

In Callahan's view technology, though both natural and necessary to man, is presently doubly menacing: the radical individualism postulated by Freud induces man to use technology in ways which damage his fellows and ultimately himself, while the problems of controlling technology and its effects if the human race is to survive lead to a "tyranny of survival," in which man may choose means of dealing with these problems which will imperil both his genetic and cultural integrity: "The central question is not so much whether the human species will survive, but how it will survive."

The Tyranny of Survival has a patchwork quality. Save for the material on Freud most of it was written for other occasions, and the only fully developed treatment of particular technological problems is in the chapters dealing with population and genetics. Much if not all of what Callahan says is true and worth saying, especially when he gets down to cases. He is balanced and judicious, sometimes almost to the point of blandness, eschewing passion and extremes. Unable to accept completely the despair of his chosen mentors, he holds out hope that man can control technology for the sake of other goods and postulates "the social need for a normative ethic." But his prescriptions are negative rather than positive, "aiming less at envisioning and creating the good than in understanding, limiting and forestalling evil." We need, he contends, a " 'science of limits', which seeks less for what should be done than for those boundaries which should not be transgressed in the process." Callahan concludes by calling for the creation—somehow—of a new culture which will provide the basis for a "cultural superego" capable of setting ethical norms for technology. But his description of the new culture is necessarily formal rather than substantive, since it is logically impossible to speak of boundaries and limits without at the same time defining shapes, impossible to judge and control technology without a new positive image of man which Callahan does not provide.

When one turns to Callahan's intellectual guide, University of Pennsylvania sociologist Philip Rieff, the inadequacy of negativism becomes even more evident. *Fellow Teachers* is a long monologue, inspired by a discussion Rieff once participated in at Skidmore College. It is a sprightly, fascinating book, full of aphorisms and proper nouns, concrete rather than abstract, written in a compacted and often obscure idiosyncratic prose far removed from Callahan's explicit, sometimes plodding style. Rieff like Callahan denigrates all schools of thought which, like the counterculture ("primitive rudeness"), hold out greater hope for man than that vouchsafed by the saintly Freud, whom both embrace as a "moralist without a message."

Rieff's primary overt concern is with the role of the (university) teacher, and he sets himself resolutely against all attempts to make the university a center of social action or moral concern. "Messages and positions are the death of teaching"; he claims to have none. "Gurus sanctify; teachers educate." For Rieff, "a concealing transfer of privileged knowledge is the unchangeable work of teachers; being mere interpreters of interpreters, not ourselves prophets."

The major curse of the modern scene, Rieff argues, is that Freud has been massively misinterpreted so that we are undergoing an orgy of "desublimization," destructive of all culture. We have entered upon an era in which

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"re-education" and affluence are making it possible for the masses to appreciate and share the vices of aristocrats. Repression is both good and necessary. Repression subserves interdicts, and interdicts, "what is not to be done," are "the primary forms of high culture," rather than the arts and sciences. "Love comes after law" (clearly Rieff despises St. Paul for more than his alleged anti-Semitism), for "the human is a born criminal. To praise the infantile is to praise criminality." Teachers, he insists, "are the real police."

Much of what Rieff says is—if not necessarily valid—stimulating and worth saying: his shock at the ignorance of students and his anger at their desertion by their teachers, and also his condemnation of abortion, his arguments for capital punishment, and his deflation of the pretentious claptrap of black militancy. But ultimately we are left with nothing but rage and pride: "It is not in my gift to be positive." All Rieff, like Callahan, can do is plead for a "science of limits," regarding the possibility of which he is less sanguine than his disciple: "I see no promise for any rebirths of interdictory meaning; such rebirths would be aborted by publicity." He is less hopeful than Callahan perhaps because he is more clear as to where, from the Freudian viewpoint, the real root of modern evil lies: in the nasty hopefulness that came into the world with the Incarnation, the ultimate basis of all utopianism. "The gospels were not good news, the ungospeled present has its supremely pleasant feature, the death of the church. . . . The Christian mystery-cult evolved into the most terrible rationalizing of transgressiveness ever to curse our culture . . . Christendom's love was a covert form of making war on culture in any form." In contrast to the "proud, elitist culture of Israel," Christianity and its successors directed a terrible hatred "at the highest, the noblest aspects of human achievement; it challenged the order of reverence and justice. Nothings would be instantly everythings by imposing a love that was utterly mendacious." (Rieff is too historically sophisticated and too tough-minded to accept the current myth of 'Judeo-Christian' values).

Thus the common inability of Callahan and Rieff to provide any guidance in our current distress has theological as well as scientific roots. Not only is the nineteenth-century pseudo-science of Freudianism a poor guide to understanding human psychological and social dynamics (one might as well discuss the uses of atomic power on the basis of belief in the "luminiferous ether" or genetic engineering in terms of the homunculi of the preformationists), but Freudianism proclaims the bad news of original sin without redemption, without grace or the possibility of channels of grace.

Technology will be controlled and the slide of contemporary culture into barbarism will be halted not by any science of limits based on despair—however fashionable—but only by a developed science of man based not only on that Christian hope implicit in the whole of Western history but also on a psychology and political theory which permit a reconciliation between the individual and society. Rieff is apparently so stiff-necked as to be irrevocably opposed to such a project; Callahan is at present too diffident about its possibilities, but the hope remains that in the future he will make his own valuable contribution to it. The first step toward its creation, however, is for all of us to abandon the illusions and break through the repressions imposed on us by Freud and his disciples.

The Gospel and the Land: Early Christianity and Jewish Territorial Doctrine

W. D. DAVIES

U. of California Press, $15

BRUCE VAWTER

The distinction between Israeli and Jew, though recognized by the constitution of the State of Israel itself, is frequently blurred inside and outside Israel, and sometimes for self-serving reasons, whether pro- or anti-Jewish. "Scratch an Israeli and find a Jew; scratch a Jew and find an Israeli." The formula will not work, obviously, for

now that it's in the open

we need to understand and deal with it

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the Muslim members of the Knesset. It probably does not work for those hasidic Jews who live as aliens in Israel, who refuse to speak its national language, and who shield themselves from what they regard as its heathen laws and practices. It did not work, apparently, for the Sabras who several years ago were asked to identify themselves by one of the two terms we are discussing, and who did so: 58 percent said they were Israelis and only 19 percent thought of themselves primarily as Jews (23 percent were not certain).

The pious American Jew who deplored the blasphemy of an Arab attack on Israel "when all the people were in synagogue" must know that on that day the beaches near Netanya or Herzliya doubtless held a greater attraction for the average Israeli than did the rites and prayers of *shul*. The same Jew who finds his sensibilities offended by *Jesus Christ Superstar* has the additional vexation of knowing that it was filmed on the soil of Israel with the blessing of the Minister of Trade and Industry. The off-again on-again application of rabbinical law that prevails in Israel's restaurants and transportation systems can easily be as annoying to the resident of Haifa or Tel Aviv—and as easily ignored by him—as it can be to the casual visitor whose way of life it has never been.

"It would be an error," writes Davies, "to elevate any one aspect of Judaism, in this instance the territorial, to a normative position for the understanding of Judaism and the State of Israel." Nevertheless, something very much like such a position has, especially since the Six Days War and its trauma, been proposed at times by Jews to Christians as the condition of continued dialogue. (Perhaps the position is that of American Jews only, who of course are most Jews. The reviewer recalls trying in vain less than a year ago to convince the mainly European editorial board of an international theological review that it could not in these days bring off a Jewish-Christian confrontation while simply ignoring the fact of the State of Israel. But then again, European theology's vision on Judaism is not necessarily less clouded in the '70s than it was in the '30s.) The problem is not that Christians are being asked to acknowledge Israel's right to life or even that they declare themselves pro-Israel over against France or Soviet Russia or the Arab states: many if not most American Christians have seemingly accepted those propositions. The problem is that they are being asked to ascribe to it a character they ascribe to no other modern state and make a specifically Christian affirmation about it, incorporate it, so to speak, into their Christian eschatology. And this, despite the fact that Judaism itself appears to be of no one mind on a "theology" of Israel.

Davies' book, therefore, is one whose time has, as the saying goes, come. It is a work of massive scholarship, a quality which, together with its price, will not guarantee it a large readership. But it is bound to exercise considerable influence on those who do read it, and among them will be the bearers of the word to the larger audience which requires instruction to inform its deep feelings. As is true of all genuine scholarship, this bit of it will offer scant encouragement to extreme views; but it should eventually help reasonable men to reason together reasonably.

Is it true, for example, as one American rabbi has argued, that the ancient Israelite claim to the Land was never abandoned—in contrast with Islam which, by declaring *jihad* against Jerusalem, set it beyond its own pale—and therefore has preserved for contemporary Judaism a legal title to possession? Davies' research would hardly support such a juridicism. There is not, he finds, in either biblical or post-biblical Jewish tradition any single doctrine of the Land, but rather a multiplicity of ideas unsystematically entertained. He rightly dismisses from consideration any mythical concept of the Land in the Old Testament: the Land was not holy because inhabited by a holy people but was a holy gift of the Lord, a gift delivered in promise, to a non-autochthonous people. A revelation, in other words, a grace. This doctrine of the Hexateuch appears only in refracted form in the prophets even though it was translated into dogma by rabbinical Judaism. And it cannot be denied that the doctrine was lost sight of, "spiritualized," or resolved into surrogates—Torah, for example—at various stages in Jewish history, out of necessity or by choice, under the influence of dispersion, a developing individualism, or plain disenchantment in the face of political realities.

At the same time, the Land did and does remain the single identifying fact that has most impressed itself on what we know today as Judaism. Christians do wrong when they make light of this fact in trying to understand Judaism, as when they attempt to isolate Judaism totally from what they call "Zionism." Davies is at pains to tell the Church what it has lost from its spiritual severance from the Synagogue. He does so without trying to disguise the non-negotiable differences.

One of the non-negotiable differences, it would seem, is the attitude towards the Land. For if Christians must be exhorted to try to understand the Jewish point of view, so must Jews be exhorted to understand the reluctance of their Christian brethren to enter into it, whatever their notion of the historical ties that connect the two religions. (It may be remembered that Clemens Kopp called our attention several years ago to the lateness of the "traditions" on which most modern Holy Land Tours depend: the earliest Christians were simply not interested in tracking the authentic traditions down. It is probably also worthy of note—not necessarily a note of approbation—that in modern times what has passed for "biblical archeology" has been, in nine cases out of ten, *Old* Testament archeology.)

Christianity found itself severed from the Land of its origins almost from the beginning, and from its internal genius if not yet in its emotions and aspirations. Paul may have retained an attachment to the Jewish apocalyptic

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geography centered in Jerusalem which he had learnt as a boy, but when the issue was drawn he thoroughly deterritorialized the promise to Abraham (the classical rabbinical source of the Land doctrine) in favor of his panethnic Gospel. The Gospel for Christianity replaced the Land as the Torah could never for Judaism. The Gospel, and the incipient Catholic Church, did these things. Davies finds no evidence that any of the New Testament documents that we now possess reflects a geographical interest that has any genuine connection with the Land. He confidently reads the same posture back into the life of the historical Jesus, which means that he must ascribe any contrary indications to the invention of primitive Christianity. Why it should have invented such things is not clear, but the lack of clarity is not Davies' alone, nor is it ever resolved.

Death, Sleep and the Traveler

JOHN HAWKES

New Directions, $6.95

IRVING MALIN

John Hawkes is a demanding novelist. He refuses to write tidy plots, simple case histories, "epic" works. He has said in an interview (published in *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature*, 1965) that he fights the true enemies of the novel—plot, character, and theme. He is after bigger game: "And structure—verbal and psychological coherence—is still my largest concern as a writer. Related or corresponding event, recurring image and recurring action, these constitute the essential substance or meaningful density of my writing." When we read Hawkes, we expect to be startled, if not assaulted, by the density of maddening details.

I stress assault. Hawkes not only writes about violent, insane actions—can they ever be *clearly* motivated? —but he deliberately puts us into his novels as he violates our rational, waking conceptions. I quote another of his statements (published in *Massachusetts Review*, 1962): "the experimental fiction is an explanation of psychic materials which come to the writer all readily distorted, prefigured in that nightly inner schism between the rational and the absurd." His novels deal with dream-like deformations, meaningless violations; they also mirror these themes (or, better yet, images). Their structures reflect their ideas—they are, therefore, "self-contained," nocturnal, and claustrophobic.

I have elaborated these introductory remarks because they can help us to appreciate the complexities of his new novel—a terrifying work which is, in many ways, his most brilliant achievement.

The plot is, as the jacket note explains, about "a middle-aged Dutchman, his dissolving marriage, his involvement in two sexual triangles, his obsession with the murder he is accused of having committed on a pleasure cruise." The Dutchman tells his story. He charts his reactions to his wife (who compels him to find pleasure elsewhere), his girl friend aboard ship, and the two men involved with them. But the fact that this narrator is untrustworthy (if not *mad*) upsets my convenient retelling of the plot. Since I know only what he tells me—and what I read between the lines—I cannot be completely sure of his actions. I do not really know why and when (or *if*) he kills the girl. Hawkes forces me to question the very foundations of my belief but in doing so, he puts me in the position of the Dutchman. I also wander; I am adrift.

I want to complicate matters (or rather try to see the complications offered). Throughout the novel the Dutchman proclaims that he is at a midpoint—he is either between "islands" or states of consciousness. Here is an early example: "In the darkness the ship was rolling like a bottle lying on its side in a sea of oil. Sweating in the night's heat, feeling in the flesh of my forearms the warmth of the ship's rail, and puffing on my small Dutch cigar and staring down at the phosphorescent messages breeding and rippling in the black waves, suddenly I knew the ship was making no forward progress whatsoever. The knowledge was startling." The passage is important. It alerts us—by the way, the Dutchman's name is "clearly a repository for the English word 'alert' "—to the confusion of movement and stasis. Is the ship going *anywhere*? But there is an even deeper question: Does the novel move?

Because the Dutchman tends to be in the "middle" of things— think of his involvement in sexual triangles—he circles around events. He moves from past to present so erratically and slowly that he avoids dramatic progression. *He is trapped, as it were in dream-circles.*

At one point in his voyage of nondiscovery, he repeats the comments of his wife: " 'Allert,' she asked me once, 'how can you tell the difference between your life and your dreams? It seems

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to me that they are identical.' " I think that this comment—even if it is not really said by his wife—captures the special flavor of the novel. We find here no clear demarcation between "life," dream, and fiction. The three —another triangle!—merge so subtly that we cannot at any one "magical" point say: the event is "real." The mystery is thus greater than "simple" murder—it is the ungraspable nature of reality. Hawkes writes a philosophical thriller, a dream work which, like the white whale, eludes our rational comprehension.

But I have simplified the special pleasures of this novel. Although Hawkes writes a maze-like work about maze-like reality, he surely does not remain a passive creator. *He delights in his maze.* He shapes it so cunningly that although it resists thematic analysis, it remains a unique construction. There are many dreams—in one the Dutchman walks across a "field of blood"—which dazzle me. There are the recurring, brilliant images of water, mirror, and animal. I realize that I am unsure of events—the Dutchman continually asks "Who is safe?"—but I am confident that this fiction (about fictions) will continue to enlighten me for a long time. In reading it I meet "various unfamiliar shadows," "psychic sores," the batlike terrors of sleep. I appreciate the cleansing anxiety it provokes. I accept its wise violations. I am, consequently, very grateful to Hawkes.

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

then becoming current. Nothing is more annoying, of course, than a person "right from the start." And not all have yet conceded publicly that more often than not Podhoretz *was* right, substantially. To make such a concession is risky. Podhoretz already has his gloves on for the next round, and some will hate to see him win again.

A great many persons who began the sixties as conservatives, or as apolitical, became "politicized," "radicalized," or had their "consciousness raised." Many of these *nouveaux gauches* hated their past and had to expel immense self-hate: Podhoretz, refusing to undergo conversion, bore more than his share from those trying late to be lefter than he.

It is painful to endure a year or two in jail. But literary abuse is crueler still. Lies, exaggerations, innuendoes, uninvited expressions of contempt, the pure vitriol of hatred—these result in ostracism, laceration, inner shrinking. Creative powers wither. The struggle against resentment and recrimination consumes energies.

Perhaps it is sentimental to believe in justice. But it seems that, in time, Podhoretz will receive a more just and appreciative evaluation of his talent, his insights, and his courage. In a more quiet time than ours, his polemical thrusts will be granted the honest vision they represent. Above all, his clear penetration of Puritan cant, which has unleashed upon him a righteousness as old as Salem, singularly exposed the mixed motives of New York literary life today. (After disdaining *Making It*, Wilfrid Sheed wrote *The Hack.*)

Besides Washington politics, there is also literary politics. In the one world as in the other, justice is in short supply. In the one world as in the other, perhaps both tendencies on the left can once again join in a common stream.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 203)

U.S. per capita consumption of oil and most other natural resources is well above world averages. Underdeveloped nations, Japan and Western Europe must compete for the additional oil that the U.S. would import.

National energy policy should encourage conservation through incentives to keep U.S. oil consumption within its production capacity for crude oil. An active development of

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methods for converting coal to oil and the exploitation of alternative energy sources such as solar and wind power are now imperative.

EDMUND G. TRUNK

Rome & Israel

To the Editors: Henry ten Kortenaar is an experienced journalist and his correspondence from Rome (where both of us live) deserves a careful attention.

Unfortunately, however, his article on "Vatican and Israel" [March 8] ended with a questionable conclusion because it was, in my opinion, based on several erroneous facts. Mr. ten Kortenaar either followed the information given by a notoriously unreliable Italian weekly or received his own from the same source.

Contrary to Mr. ten Kortenaar's assertion, the Vatican is *not* advocating or asking for the internationalization of the city of Jerusalem. As a matter of fact since the Six-Day-War Pope Paul has never used that term. This fact was refreshing at a time when many of Israel's alleged friends had turned their backs on their former ally. I could cite many Christian and secular publications in this connection, including the Religious News Service, and the *New York Times*, but in the context of this letter I prefer to quote from Jewish sources.

Prof. Shemarjahu Talmon of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem reporting about the meeting with the Catholic leadership (the writer of this letter attended the same conference) said: "As far as Jerusalem is concerned, we got the impression that the Vatican had in fact dropped the idea of internationalization of the city," and Michael Pragai, director of church relations for Israel's foreign ministry, after a series of consultations at the Vatican, recently stated: "The Vatican's position on Jerusalem is to our liking . . . Internationalization (the administration of Jerusalem by an international body) has been abandoned by the Vatican."

Whether this position is a result of a special friendliness toward Israel or of a political realism is beside the point. The facts speak for themselves.

I may add that during my own countless meetings with Catholic officials in Rome they also stressed the importance of a guaranteed free access to the Holy Places rather than internationalization of the city.

For all these reasons, such "sensational" news stories as those cited in the article—that during the audience with Emperor Haile Selassie and others, the Pope allegedly revealed his plan for the internationalization of Jerusalem or that Archbishop Pio Laghi, the Apostolic Delegate in Jerusalem "had the most unpleasant job of his life," when on Jan. 2, "he carried out the instruction to explain the Vatican position to the Israeli government" should be discarded as unfounded rumors published in Italy by the abovementioned magazine.

A meeting on January 2 indeed took place. But Archbishop Laghi met on that day with Rabbi Shlomo Goren and not with the "Israeli government" and it was not "the most unpleasant job of his life." They discussed the situation of the Israeli war prisoners in Syria and the future of Jerusalem on a totally different level than internationalization-yes or internationalization-no.

Undoubtedly the future of Jerusalem will still be a subject of many statements and many controversies; various forces are and will be at work, some of them pro-Israel and some pro-Arab. What we can do now is at least state the facts as they are in order not to obscure the situation even further and watch carefully the developments, as they come.

I trust that Mr. ten Kortenaar will accept my comments in the spirit in which they are written, as an attempt to clarify the issue, with total deference for his journalistic skill.

JOSEPH L. LICHTEN

REPLY—I am grateful to Dr. Lichten for his courteous letter. He is a far greater expert on the subject than I am, so if he finds fault with my facts, I must be wrong. As for the reading of the facts, however, that is another matter, and Dr. Lichten shows greater confidence in the Vatican's political realism than I have, especially where its, real or presumed, rights are involved. But as a Catholic I have other hopes for my Church than political realism alone. I am looking forward to the day when it will abandon all attempts at translating its spiritual and moral aspirations into juridical and political rights. Whatever interpretation we put upon them, the Vatican efforts regarding Jerusalem certainly show this day is still very far off. I must therefore happily confess to being that most unreliable of humans, a political dreamer.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

Ed. Note—For more on this, see "News & Views," p. 202.

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